# Tyren with the elves

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Summary: After being reunited with his Mothers family, Tyren can finally learn what it is like to be connected to the elves. This story was inspired by Tolkien' The Lord Of the Rings. I do not own the setting or the creatures borrowed from his world, only the characters I have created to live in it. Contains spanking of a minor. Please do no read if this offends you.

Tyren with the elves

## Chapter 1

"No one would have ever believed that one tiny elf could have held such power within to bring these two powerful sides to peace, but it happened, and it was so." Vander said Trying to wrap up the story quickly. "Then the tiny little elf went off with the elves and they all lived happily ever after."

"Wait, your skipping all the best parts." Tyren complained.

Vander rolled his eyes. "You lived all the best parts, why do you insist of hearing them over and over?"

"It was a long time ago. I don't want to forget them."

"You will never forget them. I promise that, but for now I'm afraid we must put the Alvendar clan to rest â€“ speaking of the Alvendar clan, didn't you just receive word from your Uncle the King?"

"Yes, I did."

"I hope everyone is well."

"They are."

"Good to hear, now go to sleep." Vander said as he kissed the lad on the cheek and left the lads chambers and went back to the sitting

area where his Brother and Father were having a conversation.

"He needs discipline, father." Kendal said.

"I understand, but he is not yet aware of our ways." The king said in his cool tone.

"Hence the need for correction."

"What's happened?" Vander asked as he grabbed his book and settled himself on the lounge to read.

"Tyren." Kendal told him.

"Of course Tyren." Vander laghed. "What has the little sprite done now?"

"Nothing terrible, it's just Mischief, but I fear without proper discipline, he will become quite unbearable."

"Because Father spoils him so." Vander said not looking up from his book.

"Oh very well." Riandal said taking in a deep breath. "I will give the matter proper thought on any future infractions, but on this occasion we will leave it as it is, is that understood?"

Kendal rolled his eyes, which got him a more intense look from his Father â€“ the King â€“ so he quickly changed his expression to one of respect "As you wish Father." He confirmed with slight bow of his head.

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The next afternoon, Riandal was in his study laboring over the many parchments on his desk in preparation of the upcoming journey he and his son's had to embark on when the sounds of someone screaming ripped through his thoughts. Immediately he got up to investigate. As he got closer to the door he could hear a deep Elf voice shouting after what sounded like small feet hitting the floor as the culprit ran off giggling. Riandal opened the door just in time to see Tyren run past him.

"Tyren." He called out.

The child's feet came to a skidding halt and he turned. "Yes Grandfather." He said innocently.

"Come here." He commanded and watched with casts down eyes as the child did so. "I believe the last thing I said to you this morning was that I was going to be very busy today and did not want any interruptions, was it not?

"Yes Grandfather, forgive me. I did not mean to disturb you." Tyren said just as the captain of the guards came around the corner soaking wet and dripping. Seeing him coming Tyren tried to run off again. "I must go!"

Riandal caught the lad's collar and pulled him back. "Not so fast." He said as he looked the approaching captain up and down. "I assume

by the pursuit and your current state, the child is responsible?"

"He is my Lord." The Captain confirmed.

Riandal shifted his eyes to his Grandson. "Apologize to the Captain."

"My apologies Captain." Tyren said with a slight grin touching the corners of his mouth.

The captain bowed his head. "Apology accepted my Lord, now if you will excuse me it seems I am in need of a good drying off." He said looking down at himself then walked off.

Tyren giggled, which was more than pleasing for the King to hear. Especially after those very hard first months when the child was inconsolable having to move from his human family. Riandal feared he'd never come out of it, but the years have healed those wounds and now only joy remained, which Riandal loved to see.

"And as for you my child..." Riandal said trying to look stern. "No more interruptions, is that clear?

"Yes Grandfather." Tyren said with that adorable half smile Riandal had come to know so well.

"Right then. Off you go." Riandal said but just as the lad ran off he remembered his discussion with his son Rendal regarding the need for discipline. "Oh and Tyren." He called after his grandson one last time. The child stopped and looked back at him still smiling. "Children who misbehave within these walls are punished. Do you understand that?"

Tyren's smile disappeared from his face suddenly. "Yes Grandfather."

Riandal gave a nod then turned and went back into his study and sat back down at his desk. "So much like Azariah." He sighed, as he grinned at the parchments before him. "So much like her indeed."

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"I want to go to." Tyren said as he watched his Grandfather and Uncle prepare for their journey.

"I know you do Pen-vuil, but a journey such as this is too grueling for someone of your age. Your place is here."

"My place is with my family." He continued to pout with arms crossed over his chest.

Riandal turned and grinned at his Grandson. Such a stubborn little elfling â€“ so bold and unmoving and determined once he got his mind set â€“ so much like himself. "Indeed it is." He said reaching a hand out to the lad. "Your place is most certainly with your family, but as I've already explained on several occasions, on this journey you simply cannot go. It is much too far and dangerous with all the happenings as of late."

"I'm not afraid."

"I know this, and that is why I am afraid for you. If there were an incident I do not want to have to worry about where you are and if you are safe and being cared for."

"I do not need to be 'Cared for'" Tyren boldly mocked the Kings voice. "I can take care of myself."

Kendal laughed, first at his nephews accurate mimicking of his Father voice, and second at the preposterous idea that in a battle Tyren â€“ a child of all but thirty-seven years of age could possibly take care of himself. "How is it that you propose to do that 'oh Tyren the mighty'?"

Tyren shot him a venomous look. "I've been practicing!" He informed his Uncle with great conviction. "And I can hit the target almost every time now."

Kendal looked at his father who looked on the verge of bellowing laughter. "Almost every time - Certainly we will all sleep better knowing that, won't we Father?"

The king chuckled.

"Your being ridicules Tyren. You are just a child."

"No, you are ridicules!" Tyren fired back at him.

Kendal did not appreciate being shouted at in the least. "Do not raise your voice to me little one. You are too young to go and that is that."

"I am not." Tyren whined then looked to his Grandfather desperately, hoping to convince him. "I am strong and I am brave. I can help."

"No, you will get in the way and slow us down." Kendal interjected. "Now quit harassing us about it, you're being a nuisance."

"I am not being a nuisance! You are being a nuisance!" Tyren hissed.

Kendal snapped his head around and gave the lad a hard look. "I'm also losing my patience. So unless you are looking to receive a good spanking, I would desist with the insolence!"

"Come and try it you, giant troll!"

Kendal took a sudden step toward the unruly brat prepared to follow through with his threat, but his father stopped him. "Now, now, Kendal. Let that not be part of our farewell. I'm sure he does not mean to be so provoking." Riandal said in his cool tone then he reached a hand out to Tyren and stroked his silky locks. "He is just upset as you too would be to be left behind."

"Funny, I don't recall such understanding when I was a lad." Kendal grumbled as he went on packing his horse. "And I don't recall ever calling you a Troll."

A grin touched the corners of Riandal's mouth. "Apologize to your uncle Tyren."

"I will, but only if you allow me to go."

Kendal rolled his eyes.

Riandal's grin widened. "You've been given the answer pen-vuil. One day you will be allowed to come with us but today is not that day. That is my final word."

Everyone knew what the Kings 'final word' meant. It meant there was no more argument, no more debate, discussion or dispute, not one more word, because the matter was now closed â€“ end of story - period. Hearing this, Tyren jerked himself away from the king's hand and stomped off toward the sapphire gate. Vander was coming up the path at the same moment with his horse in tow when Tyren lashed out at him, or more so his horse by shoving its head. "Out of my way!" He demanded as he stormed past.

"Oy!" Vander shouted and immediately began caressing his poor horse. "Did you just see that?" He asked his Brother and Father.

"Little swine." Kendal said as he slung himself onto his horse. "You should have let me spank him."

Riandal watched sympathetically as his Grandson went through the sapphire gates - head down, and in tears. He was sorry to see the lad so upset, but it was for his own good. This journey was no place for a child.

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Not hearing the beast behind him anymore, Tyren collapsed against the nearest tree and tried to catch his breath. He had been running for miles and miles trying to escape the rogue Warg that had been chasing him since the moment he stumbled upon it in the forest as it stood over its fallen prey snarling and bearing its sharp teeth. He was shocked to see it at first and could only stand there starring and wondering what a warg was doing this far south as they never usually traveled into these forests - a small favor he would come to realize for if it had known the terrain Tyren would never have been able to elude the beast this long.

The three woodland fairies who had agreed to show him the way came out of the trees and hovered in the air in front of him looking terribly concerned - their wings all but an orange glow of sparking light at their backs.

"I'm alright." Tyren panted from his bent over position. "Thank you for helping me. I would seem that looking after me has become a full time occupation for the three of you. I don't know what I would do without such good friends."

All three of the Fairies smiled and shrugged like the bashful creatures they were. Petal â€“ the one he had first met years ago and whom he had given the name â€“ fluttered in closer and gave him a kiss on the cheek then fluttered back. Tyren's smiled at her then pushed himself up straight so he could give a little bow. "I am

honored."

Petal blushed as the others - her brothers they were â€“ poked fun and giggled. She crossed her arms over her chest and gave them both annoyed looks till they stopped. Then she stuck her nose in the air and shot out of sight. The others looked at each other briefly then did the same.

That's when Tyren heard the snapping of the tree branch to his left. He froze in fear. Another snap! On this time much closer than the first. His heart started pounding again. 'Maybe it's just a rabbit.' He thought, but his vast experience with the forest told him it was heavier than that. 'Have a look' Vandar would have urged 'unless you're too scared'. He was definitely too scared, but he decided to have a look around the tree anyway.

The warg was back and walking around slowly sniffing the ground trying to pick up his scent.

"Of all the Persistentâ€¦.' He thought. Again, if he only would have listened to his Grandfathers warnings and stayed within the castle walls, he'd be eating a beautiful meal under the moonlight in the great hall, laughing and tormenting the servants - not here in this dire situation.

Having thought of dinner, his stomach began to grumble - loudly. Horrified, he drew back against the tree, hoping beyond hope the noise of it didn't give his position away. It hadn't thankfully, but that would not last. Soon the wind would change and the beast would catch his scent.

'Blast' he thought. Searching the dark forest in front of him for something, anythingâ€¦..and that's when he saw the orange orbs of light glowing in the distance creating a path through the trees. The fairies had found the way, all he had to do was keep the beast distracted long enough to follow, but how? Then he remembered the unusual stones he had found - A hand full of them as blue as the midnight sky with a vein of sparkling gold running through the center. He had never seen anything like it before and had wanted to add them to his collection of unique items he had gathered over the years, but unfortunately he had to make better use of them now. He took them from his pouch and after one last look drew his arm back and threw them as far as they would go in the opposite direction. The beast darted in the direction of the stones, and Tyren towards the Fairies.

It wasn't long before the beast realized the farce and turned back towards the pray it had worked so hard to capture.

Hearing the beast coming his way, Tyren screamed and ran harder, but the beast was gaining ground behind him. He turned and looked over his shoulder just in time to see the snarling beast leap for him. 'This is it' he thought. 'This is the day of my death.'

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"I hate these silly political gatherings." Kelvhan complained to the Captain of the Guards. "Except for being the only son of a lord, I have no real station, do I?"

"Only that of the future King, my Lord." Fenien said sarcastically.

"Bah. My Father isn't going anywhere." Kelvhan said catching an odd noise in the distance suddenly. "He will be in that position forevâ€¦..What is that?"

"What?"

"That sound. Did you hear it?" He asked looking around.

Fenien listened closely. "I don't hear anything, my Lord."

'Maybe it was a bird,' Kelvhan thought just about to dismiss it but then he heard it again and quickly realized it was no bird. It was a child screaming.

Simultaneously, all elves went on high alert and immediately began searching for the sounds origin but with all the trees for the sound to bounce off, it was almost impossible to tell for certain.

"THERE!" One of the guards shouted.

Both future king and Captain of the Guard whipped their heads around and there was a young Elvin child, no older than twenty or thirty years of age running blindly through the trees as he looked over his shoulder.

Kelvhan looked to see what it was the child was looking at â€“ or most importantly, running from - and that's when he saw the warg behind the lad snapping and snarling and baring its sharp teeth. Instinct took over in an instant. One moment he was sat in his saddle and the next he was leaping through the air with his bow in hand, releasing an arrow he had no recollection of knocking. A second later the weight of the beast's lifeless body came crashing down on top of the lad, who immediately began shrieking. Fearing the child was being crushed to death under the weight of the foul creature, Kelvhan ran hard to rescue him. Once he got there however, he quickly realized the lad was in no real danger he was just stuck and very obviously unaware that the warg was now dead and of no real threat. He gave a gesture with his hand and immediately the others lifted the beast so he could reach the child and pull him out from under the warg. "It's alright Lad." He shouted over the shrieking as he knelt down in front of him, but the child would not hear him. Oh please in the name of the Valar "Stop!" Kelvhan shouted and gave the child a sudden shake. That did the trick. The shrieking stopped and for the first time the child looked at him through the tears that flooded his light green eyes. "You are safe now." Kelvhan said soothingly.

The lad regarded him for a moment then suddenly and without warning, threw himself into Kelvhan's arms so hard he almost knocked him over backwards. "I thought it was going to kill me." The child sobbed.

"It's alright Lad." Kelvhan chuckled as he held the trembling child. "I've got you. I've got you."

The child turned and looked at the beast lying dead on the ground beside them. "Are you sure it's dead?"

"Quite." Kelvhan reassured him. "But my concern is for you. Are you injured?"

"No. I am not injured."

"You're sure?"

The child nodded his head.

"Good.' Kelvhan said taking both the lads arms into his large hands and pushing him back so he could get a better look at him. "Now that that's settled." He said smiling kindly. "Who are you? Where did you come from? - and most importantly - What are you doing alone in these woods with a great warg chasing you?"

The child looked as if he were about to speak but then thought better of it and closed his mouth.

Kelvhan gave him a sideways look. "These are not hard questions. Do you have a name?"

The child nodded.

After a moment of silence Kelvhan chuckled. "Well? Are you going to tell me what it is or shall I guess?"

The child shrugged timidly.

"Do you fear us?" Kelvhan said looking taken back.

The child shrugged again.

Kelvhan laughed. "Do you honestly believe we would risk life and limb to save you from this horrid beast only to harm you ourselves?"

The child pondered this. "I suppose not." He said.

"Then again I ask you, oh mysterious child of the forest, what â€“ is â€“ your â€“ name?"

"Tyren."

"Tyrennnnnnnnâ€¦." Kelvhan drew the name out looking as if he were trying to pull the words from the child's mouth.

"Alvendar." The lad finished.

Kelvhan drew back suddenly with his head tilted to one side as if trying to think. "I know this name, though its origin escapes me at the present."

"Tyren Alvendar is the name of a woodland Prince, my Lord." The Captain explained.

"Ah yes." Fenien was correct Kelvhan realized. "Tyren Alvendar is the name of a woodland Prince, and you say that you are he?"

"I am." Tyren said looking a bit unnerved that Kelvhan knew the name.

"You're sure?" Kelvhan said with a hint of suspicion. "You are Tyran Alvendar, grandson to the dreadful, ill-tempered woodland King, Riandal Greatwood?"

The lad's brows drew in suddenly as he gave Kelvhan an annoyed look. "My Grandfather is not dreadful."

Klevhan's threw his head back and laughed at the sky then looked to the Captain of the guard. "This journey has just become very entertaining. I think now I am actually looking forward to our arrival."

Tyren looked at the strange Elf unsure of what he was speaking about.

"Forgive me Tyren Alvendar. I do not mean to laugh â€“ it's just that I am Kelvhan Silverstorm and Agrealoth â€“ the very place your Grandfather has traveled to - is my Father's kingdom. So, it is a very fortunate circumstance for you that we came along when we did. Not only did we keep you from being swallowed whole by this fowl beast, but we are heading in that very direction ourselves."

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Immediately upon arrival a very round, unusually short elf with black hair and gold eyes came rushing out. "Lord Kelvhan!" He exclaimed. "Where in the midnight stars have you been?"

"Oh dear." Kelvhan whispered in the Tyren's ear. "That's Morthil, my Fathers advisor and the most annoying elf anyone has ever seen. Ignore him."

Tyren tried not to laugh.

"Now, now, Morthil, calm yourself." Kelvhan groaned as he got down from his horse.

"Do you know that your Father has been waiting for you?!" Morthil said breathlessly. "Moons have passed and still you did not arrive."

"Well, I am here now and all is well as you can very well see."

"That is wonderful to hear my lord."Morthil said with a bit of annoyance in his voice then his attentions shifted to Tyren. "And who is this child you have brought with you? Is he yours? Oh dear me, the King will not be pleased if this child is the reason for your delay. No not pleased at all!"

Kelvhan made a face, as he lifted Tyren off his horse and placed his feet on the ground. "Easy! Morthil. The Lad is Tyren Alvendar, Grandson to King Riandal Greatwoodâ€“ come for a visit." He said.

"Why then did he not come with his own kinsman?"

"Where is my Father?" Kelvhan asked changing the subject.

"Your Father is in the east garden where he has been for nearly a fortnight awaiting your arrival. He has commanded that I inform him of your arrival the second I lay eyes upon you." Morthil said excitedly.

"Yes, yes, I will report immediately to his highness the King. In the interim, would you be so kind to request an audience with Lord Riandal. Tell him to meet me in the North garden, only make no mention of the child. I want to be the one to give him the news." Kelvhan said with a wily grin.

Morthil on the other hand looked absolutely terrified. "But my Lord, what then should I say is the nature of the request."

"Tell him that I have a surprise for him." Kelvhan mused.

"I do not believe Lord Riandal likes surprises, my Lord."

"No, I'm sure he does not." Kelvhan said with a smirk and started in the direction of the east garden. "Come Tyren, my Father awaits."

Tyren followed, but glanced back at the now red faced, flustered, round elf as he went. "He really is a most unstable elf." Tyren said once they were out of ear shot.

Kelvhan laughed. "To be sure. Though 'tis not his fault I suppose. He is half dwarf after all."

"Really, half dwarf?" Tyren said looking back hoping to catch another glimpse of the odd elf, but he was already gone.

Kelvhan chuckled. "Could be, I don't know. He sure looks like one don't you think?"

Tyren shrugged. "I've never seen a half Dwarf before." Actually he had never seen a full Dwarf before either.

"Stubborn, greedy creatures." Kelvhan bulked. "You are not missing a thing."

Not knowing any better, Tyren nodded in agreement and followed his new friend into the riverside castle which was much different from his own in the woodlands - more open and airy and light. He liked it very much - though he did miss the smell of the Forest he loved so.

"The evening meal will be prepared soon." Kelvhan said as they walked this great long corridor with no walls or windows, only giant pillars encased in ivy and lavender. "Do you have proper attire?"

Tyren looked down at his filthy tunic. "I lost my horse and my bundle." He said, suddenly worried for his poor little black and white horse his Grandfather had gifted him. He hoped she was okay. She was so scared when the warg came after them. Luckily, the stupid beast went after him and not her. He could only hope she found her way back to the kingdom unscathed.

"After we see my Father, I will have Morthil find something

appropriate for you?" Kelvhan said as led Tyren into a beautiful garden. "Here we are. Now, based on what you have told me you are not exactly expected so, I will go in first. You should wait here till I call for you, alright."

Tyren agreed.

Kelvhan stood at the entrance for a brief moment to collect himself then after one last adjustment of his tunic and a deep breath he painted a large smile on his face and entered the garden calling out. "Where is my Father, the king?"

"Ah Kelvhan my son." King Phaendar said as he stood to move toward his wayward son to give him a warm embrace. "How nice of you to grace us with your presence."

"Hello Father." Kelvhan said with a great big smile and hugged his father.

"Where have you been Lad, We expected you here moons ago. Your Mother has been beside herself with worry."

"My apologies father, but there is good reason for my delay, I assure you."

"Isn't there always?" The king said half grinning. "What is it this time?"

Kelvhan dropped his head and smiled at his boots. "I was delayed because of what I came upon on the path here â€“ something very unusual."

"Oh?" The King said looking intrigued.

"Yes, you see we were on the North Path when suddenly we heardâ€“"

Before Kelvhan could finish his sentence the great king of the woodlands, whom had never quite understood or approved of Kelvhan's eccentric ways and bold behavior, entered the garden with two of his guards in tow.

"Ah, Lord Riandal." Kelvhan said with a slight bow of his head which was customary to be polite. "What a pleasure it is to see you again. I hope you are well."

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"I am in fact." Riandal said trying to conjure up a polite smile, which was harder than it would seem because he knew the Lad was toying with him as always - the spoiled brat that he was. Nearly six hundred years old and still his parents gave into his every whim and want no matter the cost or inconvenience of others - free to run wild without discipline or accountability for his actions. Just his mere presence was enough to annoy Riandal to the core of his being.

"What brings you to my private Garden my friend? Is everything alright with your stay?" Phaendar asked.

Riandal looked puzzled. "I was informed by your advisor that my

immediate presence was of the utmost importance."

Phaendar gave his friend a sideways look. "I have given no such request to my advisor."

Kelvhan cleared his throat. "Forgive me Lord Riandal but it was I who requested your presence."

Riandal's look upon the lad hardened as he tried desperately not to show the fury he felt for having been summoned anywhere by this 'Prince'. "Dare I ask why?"

"As I was just about to explain to my Father," Kelvhan said as he laced his fingers together behind his back and began to pace back and forth in front of both Kings. "I found something very unusual in the forest. Something I think that you, Lord Riandal, will be most interested in."

"I assure you Kelvhan." Riandal spoke in his infamous venomous tone. "There is nothing in the forest that you could have found that would interest me."

"Oh, no?" The lad said with a raised eyebrow.

"Surely not." Riandal confirmed.

"Very well," Kelvhan said with a devious grin. "May I take possession of it then?"

"I care not." Riandal said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

"Excellent." Kelvhan said looking overjoyed suddenly. "I've always wanted a little Brother. Father, we should adopt him immediately."

Phaendar gave his son a baffled look. "Adopt whom?"

"Riandal's Grandson of course â€“ as it was he that I stumbled upon in the forest."

Riandal rolled his eyes, annoyed that this ill-behaved young elf was yet again attempting to play a trick on him as he always had since the days of his youth. Phaendar saw this and stepped forward, looking a bit embarrassed and uneasy.

"Now now lad, you must not tease Lord Riandal this way. I am sure his grandson is safe and sound in his own kingdom where he should be."

"No, Father." Kelvhan said looking almost unable to contain his delight. "Tyren Alvendar may be safe and sound, but I assure you he is not in his own kingdom."

Both kings looked at each other, one nervous the other growing increasingly allarmed.

"He is there." Kelvhan said pointing. "â€¦.Standing just inside the door listening to us at this very moment. Go and see for yourself if you don't believe me."

Sure that if he did, something would jump out at him, Riandal refused to take one step. "I did not like playing these games when you were a child Kelvhan and I certainly do not like playing them now."

"It is not a game Lord Riandal. I swear it." Kelvhan insisted. "Shall I prove it to you?" Riandal just stared at him. Kelvhan laughed and made up his own mind. "I will prove it to you."

Riandal's eyes followed Kelvhan to the entryway on the opposite side of the garden, where he stepped out of sight.

'Please under the midnight stars, let it not be true' He began to pray, but deep down he knew that it was quite possible the Prince was telling the truth, as Kelvhan was many things - spoiled, ill-mannered, obnoxious, presumptuous, insolent, disobedient and even disrespectful at times but he had never known the lad to be a liar, especially regarding something of this magnitude â€“ he would certainly find the truth more entertaining.

"Come now don't be shy." He heard the Prince say after what sounded like a brief struggle and then - to everyone's great surprise - he reentered the garden pushing the very reluctant child in front of him.

Riandal's mouth nearly dropped to the floor. Of all the foolish, reckless stunts this youngling has pulled, this was by far the most outrageous, most absurd and most unbelievable yet. Only the son of his late daughter, Azariah Greatwood, would be so bold. Of all his children, Azaria was the most adventurous of them all and the same defiant blood that had flowed through her veins obviously coursed through her son's - the fearless disobedient sprite.

He rushed forward before he could stop himself and grabbed his Grandsons arm in his powerful fists then jerked him forward so hard the child nearly went off his feet. "What is the meaning of this!?" He demanded.

Tyren had never seen his Grandfather so angry with him before. "I'm sorry Grandfather." He pleaded with tears in his eyes.

"He tells me that he followed you." Kelvhan informed.

"Why in the blazes would you attempt such a thing?" Riandal asked looking wide eyed and shocked.

"I know I shouldn't have, but I just couldn't bear it â€“ being alone in the castle. I was terribly board."

Hearing the child did such a thing because he was 'terribly bored' was enough to send the king screaming mad. He had told the child many, many times what could happen to him alone in the dark forest without his family there to protect him. "How many times have I told you never to go into the forest alone? Do you have any idea what could have happened to you?"

"Yes Grandfather, I'm sorry." The boy cried.

"No, I'm afraid you do not. If you did, you would be in the woodlands at this very moment, not here standing before me looking like a

vagabond from the - â€¦" Riandal gasped suddenly. "Is that blood?!"

Before Tyren could respond, the King dropped to his knees and began patting him down searching for wounds. "Are you injured, Are you Injured!" He shouted franticly.

"No, Grandfather! I'm not injured. It's not my blood!"

"That would be that of the Warg." Kelvhan informed the Woodland King with a grin.

Tyren snapped his head up and gave this new eccentric friend a fierce look, then shifted back to his Grandfather who looked completely horrified.

"Warg?"

"Yes if you can believe that," Kelvhan said with a chuckle, not seeming to notice how this bit of news was making matters much, much worse. "I could barely believe my eyes, but there it was running behind the lad, ready to swallow him whole, and probably would have had we not been there to stop the foul creature â€“ such a close call."

No, Riandal could not believe it. In fact he could barely understand the words that were being spoken to him. The thought of losing his dear Grandson as he did the child's Mother â€“ his one and only Daughter â€“ to recklessness and disobedience. Riandal cringed.

"So close in fact that we actually slew the Beast the moment it leaped for the lad and it collapsed on top of him, which is the reason for the blood, but I assure you your Grandson is perfectly fine â€“ aside from the way he looks of course."

Fine? The child nearly died on this foolish adventure of his, which meant absolutely nothing was fine as Riandal could see. His mind raced with panic. What was he going to do? What under the midnight stars was he going to do with this reckless, foolish, adventurous, insolent, disobedient thrill seeking Grandson of his? It was his own Adar's voice he heard in his head. 'You will understand the burden of a Fathers heart when you yourself are one' and suddenly he knew exactly what it was that needed to be done.

Kelvhan had been talking nonstop, but Riandel was in such deep thought he only caught the tail end of what the fool was saying - something along the lines of 'A lad after my own heart' - but it mattered not, what mattered was Tyren. "I bed your pardon Phaendar," He interrupted as he stood suddenly and took Tyren's hand firmly in his own. "My Grandson and I have much to discuss, however I think we have taken more than enough of your time. So, if you would excuse us, I think we will finish this 'conversation' in private."

"But of course." Phaendar said with a slight bow of his head.

"Oh Riandal," Kelvhan laughed. "I was only teasing you. Please do not leave upset, the lad is absolutely nothing like me I assure you. " He said thinking his words alone caused the abrupt end to this most eventful reunion.

Riandal ignored the foolish Prince and lead his grandson inside. Kelvhan followed.

"Kelvhan, do not inter fear, the matter is no longer your' concern." Phalandar told his son.

"No longer my concern - I found him didn't I? Why can't Iâ€¦" Kelvhan began but then suddenly a realization came over him. "Wait, Riandal, you're not going to punish him are you?"

"That is none of your business." Riandal snapped.

"Oh, no, please. You can't!" Kelvhan said looking appalled.

Riandal wanted to slap the presumptuous Prince. "Do not tell me what I can and cannot do when it comes to my own Grandson." He snarled through his teeth. "I will do as I see fit."

The lad recoiled a bit and began to speak in a more respectful manner. "Forgive me, my Lord. I did not mean to over step my bounds." He said with a slight bow of his head. Hearing this, Riandal would have thought the matter closed but the audacious Prince started again as if he were unable to control himself. "I really must protest!"

Protest? Riandal nearly laughed outloud. "Out of the way you impetuous brat."

Kelvhan stepped aside as commanded, but continued alongside them. "Look, I realize he disobeyed you, but Riandal the child traveled alone from the woodlands to Agreloth." Kelvhan said looking quite impressed of all things. "This in itself is truly an amazing accomplishment. Yes, there was a slight problem with the Warg, but my guards and I took care of that."

Just hearing the words was enough to make Riandal want to weep. After all his efforts to keep the Lad safe â€“ keeping him close, adding more guards, all his teachings, all the warnings - and here his worst fear nearly came to pass. Oh, and this nuisance of an Elf Prince following alongside him babbling his nonsense - Riandal gave a nod to his guards and immediately two large elves stepped forward and blocked Kelvhan from following any further, but it did not stop his insistent protests as he continued to shout after them.

"Such bravery in one so young is a remarkable trait! He should be rewarded!"

Finally, Phaendor shouted at his son commanding him to desists, which he did thank the gods or Riandal was sure he would have gone back and throttled him.

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Vander was sitting on the windowsill reading a book when his father threw open the door looking fierce. At first, he thought the King had heard of his little misadventure with the Guards and was there to chastise him for his disrespect and misuse of power, so he prepared himself to explain just as he had rehearsed - and then his jaw nearly hit the floor.

"Tyren! Father what is Tyren doing here?"

"Why Indeed?" His Father snarled.

Just then the doors bursts open and Kendal came rushing in nearly shouting. "I just saw Kelvhan, he said Tyren was here and that I should come immediately. Has something happened in the Woodlands? Is everything okay?" He said looking close to panic.

"Calm yourself my son, the only issue in the Woodlands is that young Tyren is no longer there."

"Yes, I see that but why is he here?" He asked his father then he asked his Brother. "Why is he here?"

Vander shrugged. "I've not a clue."

"He is here because he cannot for his very existence heed the commands of his Grandfather, the King!" Riandal snapped as he pulled a high backed chair away from the writing table and placed it in the center of the room.

"I'm sorry Grandfather." Tyren said looking a bit fearful suddenly.

"I am sorry as well." Riandal said as he sat down in the chair "For the time has come for you to learn what behavior will be tolerated and what behavior will not."

Vander looked at Kendal, his eyes a bit large with disbelief. Never in all the years since Tyren's arrival had the King ever laid a hand on the lad, and though Kendal threatened it many times, no one else had either.

"Now, over my knee." The king commanded.

Tyren's heart sank. His Grandfather had never said these words to him before but he had heard them spoken to Vander on occasion, and though Tyren was not present to see the actually deed done he was present during the aftermath of such a punishment and therefore had a good idea what he was in for. "Please Grandfather." He tried, giving the king a pleading look. "Please don't punish me."

"I'm afraid you have left me no alternative. Now do as I say."

Never being very good at accepting punishment, Tyren shook his head and began backing away as he looked for an escape. His eyes fell on the door. Riandal looked there also and then back again. "Don't you dare." He said seeming to understand the wheels turning in the child's head but Tyren's mind was already made up. A second later â€" and to the astonishment of the other two Princes - both King and young Prince made a mad dash for the door.

Riandal intercepted the lad with one arm and swung him off his feet then carried the now kicking child back over to the chair where he sat down and placed him over his lap.

"No Grandfather, Please don't! Please! I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Tyren protested.

"I'm sure you are now that you are over my knee, but perhaps you should have thought sooner of the consequences to such impetuous, foolhardy actions." Riandal said as he pushed up the lads tunic and lowered his tights, revealing the porcelain skin of his bare bottom. Immediately Tyren threw a hand back to protect himself but Riandal simply removed the obstacle out of the way.

"No!" Tyren shouted as he wriggled and twisted wildly trying to escape.

"Tampa!" The King roared at the struggling child who immediately stopped as commanded. "You will stop all of this foolish trashing about and you will accept your punishment, do you understand this?" He asked, getting a quick nod from the now crying child. "Now, tell me why you are receiving this chastisement?"

Tyren took a breath and spoke quickly through tears "Because I disobeyed you and followed you here alone in the forest and was nearly eaten by a warg."

"What?" Kendal said looking shocked as did his brother.

Riandal looked at his son's briefly, whole heartedly agreeing with their stunned reactions then returned his attention to the very deserving backside before him. "Precisely." He said and immediately began to bring his large heavy hand down.

It was not a usual occurrence to receive chastisement in front of an audience. Kendal could only imagine it was to heighten the embarrassment to insure a misdeed of this magnitude did not repeat itself. He himself had received a terrible spanking in front of a whole room of healers when he was a lad. In fact, the whole incident was not unlike this one. He too had disobeyed the King by sneaking away for an adventure of his own in the forest during his Fathers absence, only instead of getting the attention of a Warg, the beast in his story was a great bear.

He had only wanted a closer look at the beast when he stumbled across it. 'I suppose I got my wish.' He thought, inadvertently placing his hand on his left shoulder. He could still remember how painful it was when those large claws slashed through his skin. It probably would have done worse or even killed him had it not been for his quick thinking and ability to move swiftly through the trees. He was able to get quite a distance away from the beast in a matter of minutes, but then there was another problem. He was now bleeding profusely and miles away from anyone who knew he was missing.

He never moved so quickly in his life - swinging, jumping, running. By the time he got to the sapphire gate, he was staggering towards the guards who were running toward him. One young guard, Strohm, threw his sword and helmet to the ground and dove for Kendal, managing to catch him just before he collapsed. Seeing the damage, Strohm leaped to his feet with Kendal cradled in his arms and ran, bowling over many in his path to get to the healers who immediately went to work to save his life. Word was sent to his Father the King, requiring his immediate return, as his son was most likely dying.

It was agreed that the Valar was with him that day because by the time the King returned to the castle Kendal was completely healed. Besides the memory, there was no evidence at all that the incident

happened, not even a scar. The healers not only fixed him, they made him feel better than ever - stronger, faster, braver â€¦.though the braver part deserted him quickly when he saw the look on his Father face - a mixture of horror and relief. The first thing the King did was fall to his knees at Kendals bedside and draw him into a tearful embrace, which was pretty shocking to say the least, but not as shocking as being lifted suddenly and then flipped un-ceremoniously over the kings knee right there in front of everyone. The memory made a chill run up his spine.

Vander saw his Brother give a little shudder then watched him turn and walk towards the balcony â€“ the same reaction he recalled Kendal having the day he found himself a witness to his own chastisement after a small incident regarding some very nasty giant spiders.

As Riandal applied the firm reprimand to the child's ever reddening bottom, he could only wonder why, for the love of the stars, had the Valar deemed it necessary to plagued him with such reckless, careless, disobedient children whom all possessed a most insatiable ability and need to engage the lands most dangerous beasts - Bears, Spiders, Wargs, Humans! "I have had enough of this from all of you." He announced. "The very next one of you to even give mention to the idea of adventure will be the one of you responsible for the loss of my sanity."

Kendal chuckled from the balcony before he could help himself.

When the chastisement was over, Riandal lifted the sobbing child off his lap and placed his feet on the floor then pointed directly towards the smaller bedchamber across the room. "Now go into that chamber and remain there till I am ready to speak to you." He commanded in an unsteady voice and watched as the child went immediately, one hand rubbing his scarlet bottom the other wiping his flowing tears. Riandal went immediately to his own bedchamber and closed the door.

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It was time for the evening meal yet both angry King and errant child remained in their opposed chambers.

"Kendal?" Vander said finally to his brother who had his face in a book.

"Hmm?" Kendal asked as he continued to read.

"It's been ages." He told him.

Kendal looked first at the chamber door of which his Nephew now occupied then to the other behind which his Father still remained and sighed. "I guess it has been a long time hasn't it?" He said as he closed his book then got up. "I'll go and see what's keeping Father."

The first thing he did was press his ear to the door to listen.

"Anything?" Vander asked.

Kendal shook his head. "Father." He said knocking lightly and waited

a moment for permission to enter. Not hearing anything, he entered without it. "Father?" He said as he looked around the room, then his eyes fell on the king who was sitting forward in the chair by the window with his elbows on his knees, fingers laces and pressed against his mouth starring at nothing through red rimmed eyes. "Father?" Vander said again startling the king who jumped and immediately got to his feet.

"What do you think you are doing?" He scolded his eldest son.

"Beg pardon Father, I only wanted to see if you were alright." Kendal said respectfully.

"Of course I'm alright. Why wouldn't I be?" The King sniffed.

"Well, seeing how long you've been in here, I was unsure." He said but he knew full well why his Father sought such solitude.

"I'm fine." Riandel snapped.

Kendal gave a raised eyebrow look, unsure if the king was trying to convince him or himself.

"What?"

"You always did look as bad or worse after giving me a spanking." The Prince recollected.

It was true Riandal never had the stomach for such things, but it was his duty as a Father - and now as a Grandfather - to teach them the lessons they needed to survive this sometimes harsh world, even if some of those lessons were painful. In this case, not only did the child disobey him by following them such a great distance, he nearly had gotten himself killed in the process.

"I'm fine." Riandal said as he took in a deep ragged breath. "I am merely giving the lad time to think about what he has done before we finish our discussion?"

Kendal nodded his head, but looked unconvinced. "Yes, but we are expected at dinner about now."

The king looked surprised. "Oh, I had not realized such time had passed." He said moving toward the door. "Let me have done with this and then we will go."

Tyren was lying on his stomach across the bed when he heard someone enter the room. It was his Uncle Vander.

"The King will see you now." The prince informed him.

Immediately, Tyren, rolled onto his side - careful not to make full contact â€“ then threw his legs off the bed.

"I can tell you from experience." Vander whispered as he was followed out of the bedchamber. "You would be wise to first apologize for what you have done. Second explain that you understand how you have disappointed, discontented and saddened him by your actions and then ask for forgiveness for angering and disappointing your' elder â€“ and King â€“ and end with a profuse promised that you will never

again do such a thing."

Riandel entered from the opposite side of the large room, head held high, eyes cast down as he walked to the chair still sitting in the center of the room and sat down. "Come here Tyren." He commanded in his stern voice. Tyren went immediately and stood in front of the King who regarded him for a moment unspeaking, then finally asked him a very complicated question. "Have you had enough time to think about what you have done?"

Tyren lifted his head and looked upon his Grandfather, not knowing how to answer. He did not need any time to think about what he had done, he knew perfectly well what he had done and the reasons why. So, as far as having 'enough' time, he did not know what he was expected to say but 'Yes' seemed the proper response.

"And what then do you have you to say for yourself?" The King asked.

He swallowed hard and tried to remember all the things his uncle Vander had coached him to say. "I'm sorry I followed. I know you are disapproved, disconnected and sad by my actions." He said making Vander laugh behind his hand. "I know that you are angry." He tried to remember all the words, but half of them he did not understand or remember which made him nervous and confused. "I'mâ€¦I mean Iâ€¦" He said trying to think of the rest. "I did not mean to anger you or â€¦.. I didn'tâ€¦..I mean I'm not â€¦" He stopped right there.

"You're not what?" The king asked.

Tyren dropped his head unable to continue regurgitating words that were not his own. The truth was that he was glad he did what he did, and except for the part where he was nearly eaten alive by the terrible beast that had chased him all those miles, he would do it all again in a heartbeat to be with his family whom he loved so dearly. "I'm not sorry."

Mistaking this for impertinence, Riandal's hand shot out and latched onto the boys arm suddenly. "Then perhaps you have not had enough time over my knee." He growled as he pulled him closer.

"No wait please." Tyren shouted as he tried to resist. "It's not what I mean! It's not what I mean!"

Riandal paused for a second then lifted Tyren up and sat him on his lap instead of tossing him over it. "Explain yourself!" He commanded, looking him straight in the eye.

"What I meant to say is that I did not follow you because I wanted to disobey you Grandfather." Tyren began.

"Why then would you do such a thing?"

Tyren dropped his head against the Kings chest and began to weep. "I followed because you are all I have left and I did not want to be without you."

Riandal's heart absolutely broke for his most precious Grandchild, but this was not something he could show the lad or his sons watching

so, he hardened his heart â€“ or at least attempted to. "I see your meaning." He said indifferently. "I too never want to be without you either but there are limits to the amount of risk we should take in doing so. Do you understand this?"

"Yes Grandfather," Tyren sniffed.

"Not only was what you did extremely dangerous and reckless, but it was downright foolish. That Warg would have killed you had it not been for Kelvhan and his guards." Just saying the Princes name made Riandal regret a small portion of the ill regard he held for the errant spoiled brat, but he pushed that away for the time being. "I shudder to think of what would have happened to you and all the while with us here, unawareâ€¦.." Riandel said and actually did shudder at the terrible images that suddenly popped into his head.

Vander rolled his eyes behind the King's back and gave his brother an exasperated look, thinking 'We are never going to make dinner at this rate.'

"I'm sorry Grandfather." Tyred sniffed. "I won't do it again - I swear on the Valar - I won't. Please, please believe me."

Riandal wanted so badly to sooth the child, and tell him everything was going to be alright, but he knew how important it was to remain strong and stern to insure the misdeed would not be repeated - as he feared his heart could not take another incident of the like. "I certainly hope not, my child. Nowâ€¦." He said standing the lad up. "I want you to return to your bedchamber and stay there for the remainder of the evening. Is that clear?"

"Yes Grandfather." Tyren said and did as he was told.

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Kelvhan was mortified to learn that the small Princes was not only spanked, but then sent to bed without supper. "Why not pluck out his eyes as well." He scoffed.

"The lad was not mistreated, Kelvhan, he was disciplined. I think that perhaps you just don't understand as you have never been subject to such consequences."

"What are you speaking off? I understand consequences." Kelvhan spat out. "I too was more adventurous for my own good at times as a child and I too received the very same sore bottom as a result of it from time to time."

Kendal laughed. "Oh please Kelvhan. You?"

"Yes, I." Kelvhan snapped. "Did you think I was raised by wolves? Of course I did â€“ not often as Mother wouldn't allow it - but on the odd occasion I too was disciplined this way. Once even by your very own Father, Lord Riandal." Kelvhan said bitterly as his eyes moved down to the end of the table where the Woodland King sat.

"I don't believe it." Vander said. "My Father?"

"Yes your Father - the great woodland Troll that he is." He said

distastefully before taking a large gulp of his wine, after which he hick-upped and added bitterly "A most unpleasant experience. I didn't sit comfortably for days."

Kendal laughed. "Yes, that would have certainly been the result."

Klevhan mocked his laughter. "Yes, yes, so amusing." Kelvhan said as he stood from the table wrapping a hunk of bread in a napkin and placed it under his tunic. "If everyone would please excuse meâ€¦.." He said, ready to make up an excuse, only nothing tangible came to mind, so he left it open ended and simply walked away.

Before he got to the exit however, he was stopped by Lord Riandal. "May I have a word with you Kelvhan?"

"It's just a small piece of bread, I swear!" Kelvhan blurted out in his startled state.

Riandal's brows drew together, not understanding what was just shouted at him, or why, but he went on anyway, trying to apologize to the wayward Elf who deserved that at the very least. "When we met earlier I was so distraught by the news of my Grandson's misconduct that I did not properly thank you for what you did today. Had it not been for your swift actions, I fear the lad would have lost his life, and for saving him, I am eternally in your debt."

Kelvhan just stood there blinking at the Woodland King â€“ wondering if perhaps this was an imposter dressed up as Riandal because to his recollection over the last â€“ Oh, I don't know - 600 years, Riandal has never thanked him for anything - ever. "Who are you, and what have you done with the Woodland King?"

For the first time in centuries, Riandel actually smiled at the lad. Klevhan looked terrified.

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As soon as dinner ended, Riandal excused himself and walked quickly toward his family's suites. He had said that he was weary form the long day, but in truth he really just wanted to check on his Grandson. He felt bad for sending him to bed while he himself went to a beautiful feast, and so he decided he would call it an early night and take the lad a little something special â€“ his favorite treat - a sweet roll with black berries and walnuts. The minute he saw them placed on the table he asked if one could be wrapped up so he could take it to the lad. The mistress was very pleased to do so â€“ especially when she heard it was for a little one. She had missed the days when the castle was filled with young children, all trying to sneak a peek (or even a taste) of her much loved sweet rolls.

"Inform my sons that I am retiring for the evening." He told his Guards as he walked. "And Keep a close eye on the young Prince Vander and see that he does not dip into the wine in my absence. Bring him to me immediately if you find that he has." He said as the two guards already standing at the suite, opened the doors for their King. Immediately Riandal heard weeping.

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Tyren awoke with a jolt and sat up in bed with the scream still on his lips. His first thought was the Warg still pursued him, but that wasn't right, he was safe in bed within the walls of a heavily guarded castle. Figuring he must have been dreaming, he laid back down and tried to go back to sleep, but then his stomach started growling again, and the thoughts of the great feast began to fill his mind. Every cheese, bread and baked roll he could possibly imagine â€“ including his favorite, Sweet rolls. Oh, it must be a grand party with music, singing and dancing. He had heard it mention that his Mother was an incredible dancer â€“ as was Riandal once upon a time. "To see her dance was magical" Kendal had told him once, and he wished he could have seen her, though he would have settled for just knowing her. At least he had his Family â€“ His Uncles, his Grandfather â€“ whom he disappointed terribly by running off. His Grandfather had been so angry with him and probably hated him for what he had done. 'What if the King does hate me now?' He wondered as a big lump began to grow in his throat. "What will I do?" He asked feeling so sorry for himself that he began to weep.

Just then the King entered his bed chamber looking as alarmed as he was. "Tyren. What's the matter dear child? Are you alright?" Tyren shook his head to indicate, nay, he was not. Riandal came forward and helped the child sit up as he looked into two pools of jade, very concerned. "What is it, tell me. Are you ill?"

"No Grandfather, I am not Ill."

"Then what is it my child?"

"I'm afraid you may hate me." Tyren said and began to weep harder.

"Hate you?" Riandal said looking quite taken back. "Why under the stars would you say something as preposterous as that?"

"Because, I was bad and I disobeyed you, and nearly got eaten."

"I agree you disobeyed and did in fact very nearly get eaten alive, but my beautiful child, I love you and your' Uncles beyond all things. I could never hate you." He said with a bit of a laugh at the outlandish thought.

"Do you promise?" Tyren sniffed.

"I do most certainly." The King said with a laugh and hugged the lad to his chest tightly. "It is because of this love that I have vowed unto the Valar to do everything within the strength of my being to keep you safe and free of harm, even if the agent upon which to achieve this goal is a stern reprimand from my very own hand. Do you understand?" Tyren nodded his head against his chest. "You are more precious to me than you will ever know." The King reassured the lad as he rocked him and patted his back gently bringing calmness to the situation. "In fact, you are so precious to me that I brought you a small gift. Would you like to see what it is?"

Tyren nodded.

"Then close your eyes and hold out your hand." Riandal said and watched as the child did so. "No peeking till I say."

"I won't Grandfather, but hurry."

Riandal placed the bundled napkin in the lads hand and un-wrapped it to revealing the lads favorite dessert. "Alright then, open your eyes."

Tyren looked down and gasped.

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With the doors guarded so heavily Kelvhan had to enter the suites occupied by the woodland elves by scaling the treacherous landscape and climbing over the balcony, which was not an easy task with only the light of the full moon to illuminate the way. Having lived here all his life though - and most accustomed to the art of sneaking in and out of his Fathers castle - he was within the suites in no time at all.

"Tyren." He whispered as he crept through the sitting area towards the sleeping chambers in search of the Lad. Immediately he heard a faint noise coming from the opposite side of the room and went towards it. "Tyren, is that you lad?" He whispered out only to hear yet another faint sound coming from around the corner. He crept further carefully trying not to bump or disturb anything as he rounded the corner then abruptly froze. There was a shape â€“ a large one - probably one of Riandal's guards standing watch over the lad, so he decided to retreat, carefully and ever so quietly stepping backwards, one foot at a time till he bumped into something he was not expecting â€“ another person.

Both Vander and Kelvhan screamed out and spun around fully prepared to fight off some goblin creeping around in the dark of night but then they realized it was each other.

"What is the name of the bloody moon and stars are you doing creeping around in the dark?" Kelvhan demanded through clenched teeth. "My heart nearly stopped from fright."

"I could ask you the same question 'Cousin' as you too are here creeping around in the dark!" Vander pointed out.

"Shhhâ€¦.quiet." Kelvhan urged with a finger pressed to his lips, then whispered in the lads ear. "There is a guard in there."

Vander gave him an odd look as there would be no guards inside the suite - they would only stand outside the doors. He peeked around the corner to see for himself. Indeed, he saw the shape and was about to pull back when he realized there was something very odd about it. He looked closer and realized it was not what it seemed. "There's no head."

Kelvhan's eyes flew wide open. "What?!"

"I mean it's just one my Fathers robes. There's no head."

Kelvhan looked again, and realized it was just that. "Oh right."

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Vander asked his voice a much

normal tone now.

"After knowing that Riandal had sent the lad off to bed to starve for the night, I thought I would bring him some bread from the feast." Kelvhan said pulling the bundle out from under his tunic.
You?"

Vander pulled his own bundle out and grinned. "Cheese and an apple."

Kelvhan smiled at the prince. "An elf after my own heart - now we must hurry before Riandel returns and finds us sneaking about. Which chamber is the lad's?"

Vander led the way. "It's this one." He said as he opened the door. Both of them screamed again when he saw who was inside.

End
file.